

Roanoke

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1858.

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ONWARD.

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It was an act which might brand him as a fanatic, and that is dangerous brand below Mason's & Dixon's line. But his abhorrence of the peculiar institution was intense; and his conviction of its inhumanity so deep, that he cheerfully chose to sacrifice himself, if, by so doing, he might emancipate the maltreated slave.

He availed himself of every opportunity for besting testimony against the cruelties of human bondage. In 1807, to a distinguished Frenchman, he wrote the following memorable words:

"Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure, when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated except with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever, that considering numbers and natural means only, a revolution in the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, as it came from Jefferson's pen, the following nervous passage occurs among the charges there made against the king:

"He has urged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, capturing and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his veto by suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit this execrable commerce."

In 1778 Mr. Jefferson prepared a bill for the abolition of the foreign slave-trade, and by his assiduity worked it through a slaveholding Legislature.

He made another effort to abolish slavery in 1785. The Revised Statutes came before the Legislature for final action; and he urged an amendment, proposing the emancipation of all slaves born after the passage of that act. But this wise amendment was lost, greatly to the mortification of its author. At the time of the final vote he was absent as Minister to France, whence he wrote on the subject as follows:

"What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment inflict on his fellow men a bondage one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awake the slumbering consciences of oppressors, and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and show that they are not left to a blind fatality."

In his "Notes on Virginia," he speaks emphatically of the unhappy influence of slavery. "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism, on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the smaller circles of slaves, gives a vent to the worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with its odious peculiarities."

In 1784 Mr. Jefferson, as chairman of a committee for devising some plan for the government of the territories of the United States, reported a bill in which the following proviso was introduced: "Provided, that after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the states, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted of being personally guilty." This proviso was then lost; but, to the great joy of its author, it was brought forward by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, in 1787, and applied to the territories north of the Ohio, by the unanimous vote of the states then represented in Congress.

We pass on to the Revolution. Patriot blood was shed at Lexington. Preparations for war were made on a large scale by Parliament. Nothing remained for the American Congress, but to oppose bayonet to bayonet, and cannon to cannon. They proceeded to this task. Jefferson bore a full share of the anxieties, toils, and responsibilities of the patriots. On his motion Congress resolved, May 28, 1776, "that an animated address be published to impress the people with the necessity of now stepping forward to save their country, their freedom, and property." Jefferson wrote that address. And it was an animated one, conceived in his happiest manner, with a power of expression and argument which reached the popular heart.

In June following he wrote the Declaration of Independence, a paper of unrivaled merit, and of immense importance in the Revolution. It is above all eulogy. This document is not as it came from the pen of its author. Congress critically revised it, omitting many powerful paragraphs, and changing the language in several instances. In our opinion the original was much better than the revised copy. The revised copy is, however, essentially Jefferson's.

This Declaration was received by the people with unbounded joy. It was read to the continentals then near New-York, and was received by those chivalrous sons of liberty with delicious exultation. They filled the air with shouts, and shook the earth with the thunders of their artillery. The progress of the Declaration through the land was like the triumphal march of a mighty deliverer.

In the autumn of 1776 he took his seat in the Legislature, and at once commenced his work of reform. His first measure was the establishment of courts of justice. Three grades of courts were created, County, Superior, and Supreme; and the limitations of their jurisdiction were defined, and the right of trial by jury was guarded with extreme circumspection. He next brought forward his celebrated Bill for the Abolition of the Law of Entails, a law by which estates were continued in the same family through successive generations, and

this in its workings tending to create a hereditary order of patricians or lords. This attempted repeal was a bold movement for that age, and especially for that assembly of aristocrats. And, of course, the bill was resisted with desperation. But Jefferson, sustained by brave spirits and younger members, fought it out with wit and logic, and at length carried the bill through. Encouraged by this success, he next attacked the legal religious establishment. This union of Church and State he regarded as one of the most preposterous and deleterious remnants of the repudiated degeneracy. That religious establishment was of the Episcopal order, a legitimate branch of the Church of England. The early settlers being of that communion, and bringing with them the spirit of exclusiveness and persecution which prevailed in England, passed laws equal in intolerance and bigotry to those of their Presbyterian brethren of the North. The colony was divided into parishes, and clergymen were settled upon salaries raised by general assessment upon all the inhabitants, whether Churchmen or not. All were required to have their children baptized. None but the orthodox could have any civil rights. Heretics were prohibited all residence in the colony, and heresy was a capital offense, punishable by burning alive! And yet, fearless of these barbarous laws, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist divines invaded the state; and while the parochial clergy were at their ease, or attending to their glebes and classical schools, these zealous invaders were gathering their forces in another hemisphere, the Churches. At the time of the Revolution the dissenters were more numerous than the adherents of the Established Church. They accepted Jefferson as a leader, and made a vigorous attack upon the establishment; after three years of conflict, victory crowned their efforts, and all the Churches of Virginia were placed on an equal footing, and thrown entirely upon their own merits for support. This was a grand achievement for both Church and State.

Mr. Jefferson's next effort was directed against slavery, but, as already stated, it proved unsuccessful; and finally he proposed an entire revision of statutes. This was agreed upon, and a committee appointed for the work, of which he was a member, and performed the most important part, toiling at it almost incessantly for three years. When the revised statutes were brought before the House, they contained an act for the equal distribution of property among heirs, the abrogation of the right of primogeniture, the assertion of the right of expatriation, the establishment of religious freedom on the broadest basis, and the abolition of capital punishment in all cases, except for treason and murder. The importance of this last innovation will appear greater, when we remember the fact that in the English laws in force in the colonies before the Revolution, there were more than one hundred offenses punishable by hanging. Mr. Jefferson labored hard to ingratiate upon the new order of things a system of general education, reaching all classes in its ample provisions, but this shared the fate of his anti-slavery bill.

In 1779 Jefferson, then thirty-six years of age, was elected Governor of Virginia, which office he filled, with honor to his country and credit to himself, for two years. Eventful years they were, requiring a great deal of strong sense and general ability. In that period Virginia was thrice invaded by British armies; and the governor had to use all his skill and authority to raise a military force sufficient to check the ravages of the enemy. He did what he could with an empty treasury, with an undisciplined, half-armed militia, made up of such men as slave states produce. The best military service which he performed for his country, was the check which he imposed upon the savageness of the enemy in their treatment of prisoners of war. The British regarded the colonists as rebels, and when they loaded them with irons, confined them in dungeons or prison-ships, where they miserably perished with fevers and famine. In vain had Washington and others protested against this inhumanity, and sought to procure for their unfortunate countrymen better treatment. Jefferson tried his hand at procuring redress with better results. He took three notable prisoners who had distinguished themselves by their savage and ferocious treatment of Americans, and loaded them with irons, confined them in dungeons, and refused them all intercourse with their friends. He then published to the world his severe order with the reasons for it. This vigorous measure was warmly seconded by Washington, and proved successful in bringing the British under the common laws of war in relation to the treatment of prisoners.

While Jefferson was Governor he extended the actual possessions of Virginia to the Mississippi, surveying the country and building forts. By this measure the American title to the State of Kentucky, and all the Northwest Territory was secured against British domination and claim in the final treaty of peace. He afterward procured the cession of this vast territory to the Federal Congress, that it might form the basis of a national credit, a thing very much needed at that time.

When the British attacked Richmond, Jefferson remained at his post, exposing himself to imminent peril in his efforts to remove and preserve the papers of the state. Several efforts were made to seize his person, but he continued day after day, without a guard, and with only a narrow river between him and the enemy. They plundered his house, burned his barns with all their contents, burned his fences, shot his young stock, drove off the best of the cattle and horses, and carried off thirty of his slaves. His losses were very heavy. But resistance and defense were impossible until Washington entered the state with his Northern army, and shut up the enemy in Yorktown.

Before this last military achievement, Jefferson had retired from the gubernatorial chair. He judged that military chieftain would be better adapted to govern in those troublous times than a civilian, hence he declined a reelection. And having received severe injuries from a fall from his horse, he went into retirement for several months. While thus confined he wrote his "Notes on Virginia," a literary work of considerable merit.

He was soon called from his obscurity by Congress, to assist in negotiating peace with England. He accepted the call and hastened to embark, but the vessel being detained several weeks by ice, and he in the mean time, receiving information that a provisional treaty was already signed, returned his commission to Congress.

He was immediately re-elected to Congress, and at once engaged in his favorite work of maturing, perfecting, and perpetuating the liberties secured by the sword. His first work was the preparation of that celebrated address which Congress presented to Washington when he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. Next he originated our money system, our decimal currency. As chairman of a committee on the national debt, he wrote an elaborate report on the finances of the confederacy and the states. He was the author of that wise and salutary plan for the government of the Western territories, which continued in force until the passage of the odious Kansas bill, with its illusive popular sovereignty. Under Jefferson's plan the territories were peacefully settled, and in due time admitted into the Federal Union as sovereign states. Under the plan of our modern politicians we are threatened with civil war.

Conclusion next week.

DIogenes.—In his old age, Diogenes was taken captive by pirates, who carried him to Crete, and exposed him for sale as a slave. On being asked what he could do for himself, he replied: "Govern men; sell me, therefore, to one who wants a master." Xenias, a wealthy Corinthian, struck with his reply, purchased him, and, on returning to Corinth, gave him his liberty, and consigned his children to his education. . . . The children were taught to be cynics, much to their own satisfaction. It was during this period that the world renowned interview with Alexander took place. The prince, surprised at not seeing Diogenes joining the crowd of his flatterers, went to see him. He found the cynic sitting in his tub, basking in the sun. "I am Alexander the Great," said he. "I am Diogenes, the Cynic," was the reply. Alexander then asked him if there was anything he could do for him. "Yes, stand aside from between me and the sun." Surprised at such indifference to princely favor—an indifference so strikingly contrasted with everything he could hitherto have witnessed—he exclaimed, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!" One day, being brought before the King, and being asked who he was, Diogenes replied, "A spy on your cupidity." language the boldness of which must have gained him universal admiration, because implying great singularity as well as force of character.

Singularity and insolence may be regarded as his great characteristics. Both of these are exemplified in the anecdote of his lighting a lamp in the day-time, and peering about the streets, as if earnestly seeking something; being asked what he sought, he replied, "A man." The point of this story is lost in the usual version, which makes him seek "an honest man." The words in Lear's are simply, "I seek a man." Diogenes did not seek honesty, he wanted to find a man, in whom honesty would be included with many other qualities. It was his constant reproach to his contemporaries, that they had no manhood. He said he had never seen man; at Sparta he had seen children; at Athens, women. One day he called out, "approach, all men." When some approached, he beat them back with his club, saying, "I called for men; ye are execrations."

Thus he lived till his ninetieth year, bitter, brutal, ostentatious, and abstemious; disgracing the title of "The Dog." (for a dog has affections, gratitude, sympathy, and a caring nature,) yet growing over his unenvied virtue as a great and noble man. He never ever snarling and snapping without occasion; an object of universal attention, and, from many quarters, of unfeigned admiration. One day his friends went to see him. On arriving at the portico under which he was wont to sleep, they found him still lying on the ground wrapped in his cloak. He seemed to sleep. They pushed aside the folds of his cloak; he was dead.—*Geo. H. Lees.*

A NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Pacific Railroad project, notwithstanding the amount of discussion it underwent, had become a matter of comparative indifference not only in consequence of the lack of a feasible plan, but principally from the want of a motive sufficient to induce the government to construct it. But at present a new element has come into action, in connection therewith, which bids fair to awaken a new interest in the subject. We allude to the gold discoveries at Frazer's river and vicinity. Emigration to the new auriferous region, says the Brooklyn Times, is even now going on at a rapid rate. At St. Paul, meetings have been held to consider an important criminal case was called up by the clerk; but the attorney, with unlike gravity, kept his chair, being, in fact, not fairly able to stand on his feet. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge. "Yes—hicc—no—your honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—in a state to try this case to-day; the State, your honor, is—drunk!"

A young lady, who wore spectacles, exclaimed, in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm, to a young ploughman who was walking in the road: "Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about." "Then, sir, sheep and lambs—their hog, miss."

A YANKEE IN A COTTON MILL.

A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six footer—one of the purely uninitiated, came in yesterday from Greece, with a load of wood for the Factory Company. Having piled his wood to the satisfaction of the overseer, he batted his team with a bundle of green grass brought all the way from home for that purpose, and then having invested a portion of his wood proceeds in root-beer and gingerbread at Ham's he started to see the "city"—filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it rapidly as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and just opposite the warp-mill as the hands were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in as only factory girls can hurry—and Jonathan, unaccustomed to such an array of plaid shawls and hood-bonnets, deposited his goal-sticks on the stairs, and stalked in to see what the trouble was.

The clattering machinery and the movements of the operatives, bewildered him for the moment; but being of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was calculated to perplex one whose observation in mechanics had been mostly confined to threshing machines and corn-shellers, he began to push vigorous inquiries in all directions. In this way he made himself acquainted successively with the external and internal economy of the various machines through which cotton-warp progresses in the course of its manufacture—the "picker"—"beater," "lap-winder," "doubler," and "speeder,"—and finally reached the "breakers"—and "finishers" just as the card stripper was going through the operation, technically termed "stripping the flats." In doing this, the large cylinder of the card is exposed to view, and is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not content with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view. This movement brought his rather habiliments in dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, and, as he was looking a little "You—say! She goes pooty—don't she boss?" said Jonathan inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper; "but you must be very careful how you move around amongst this hardware. 'Twas only last week, sir, that a promising young man from Milet, a student at the Academy here, was directed into that very card sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16, super-extra, cotton warp yarn."

"I s-s-v-wow! I believe you're joking!" stammered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper, "and his discolored mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn as a melancholy relic."

"By the mighty! that can't be true!" "Fact, sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a them apiece; to be set in lockets and worn in remembrance of departed worth."

"Is that the truth now? Was he really killed, spun, and set in lockets?" said Jonathan, and he began to retreat shot across our hero's mind, and he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer.—There was not much room to spare betwixt himself and the gearing of the card behind him. Another step backward completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwelcome being being of large calibre, the process of snarling them into a hard knot was no way slow. Jonathan gave tongue instantly, and by the twentieth gradation of the embodiment of the music was melodious. Gen. Scott, himself, could not have protested more forcibly against an attack upon his "rear."

"Oh! M-u-r-d-e-r-r! Let go!—you h-u-r-r-t! Blast your pictures—let go! Ain't ye ashamed? Git out—'tain't poety! Darnation seize ye, let alone me, cut ye, dew!"

The gearing by this time had wound him up so that he was obliged to stand on tip-toe. His hands were revolving vigorously behind him, though he dared not venture them too near the seat of war. The card-stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and the green "supposing it in full operation burst out anew."

"Oh stop her! Stop her won't ye! Stop her, dew! I ain't well, and order be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake. Stop the ternal mabeen—can't ye? Dew! Oh dew, I'll be keered and spun, and I set intew lockets! Je-r-u-sa-lem! how I wish I was tew hum!"

The card was stopped at last; but Jonathan's clothes were so entangled in the gearing that it was no small task to extricate him. Like Othello "he was not easily moved," and it was only by cutting out the whole of the invested territory that he was finally released.

"What are you about here?" inquired the overseer, entering.

"Nothing sir, only 'stripping flats," answered the stripper.

Jonathan not caring to resume his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, a pair of overhalls was charitably loaned him, and he started with his steers on a fast walk towards home, giving a series of short kicks with either leg as he went as if to assure himself that he had brought away his full complement of limbs from the "cussed mabeen."—*Boston Yankee Blade.*

LOVE'S DEVIK.—The Hartford Press in paraphrasing the recent elopement of a railway brakeman with the wife of a rifle-maker, discloses the following novel way of carrying on a clandestine correspondence: "The neighbors have noticed that it was a very common thing for a stick of wood to fall from the train upon which this brakeman was employed, as it passed the house where the woman resided. It is said that the husband hearing that the wife always took particular care to pick up the fuel, though he would examine one stick of it himself; and found that it was the vehicle bearing a note addressed to his wife. The woman is represented as being only twenty-six and good looking. She leaves four children. Between her husband and herself there have been bickerings for a year or two. There appears to have been liquor in the wrangle. The husband states that he drank because his wife 'acted so,' and she avers that she 'acted so' because her husband had taken to drinking."

The Democrats of Schuylkill county have made a bad "split" of it—by dividing into two factions, each of which claims to be "the party," and denounces the others as disorganizers. They have called separate county conventions and delegate elections.

ETHAN SPIKE'S EXPERIENCES AS A JUROR.

Ethan Spike of Hornby, Maine, thus narrates in a letter to a Portland paper how his services were refused on a jury, after being summoned on a murder trial, just because he was "in favor of hanging a nigger anyhow," and his sacred person was afterwards "snaked out" by two constables:

"Did you ever get drawn into a jury? I was drawn out of a box last fall an' sworn to support the constitution according to the riot act. Beyond a general idea that jury-men was bound to go for the country, right or wrong which country they is, I knowed enjist nothing of the supermoony dewties pertaining to such funkshonaris."

"Wal—fust thing I knowed, I was summoned to Portland to try a Jarman and a nigger for killing Mr. Albon Cooper on the high see. I never could see why the tarm 'High see' was used in such case, 't was a mean, hoodlud, and I know that pork killed one time of the tide haint the same as when killed at another time of the tide—likewise beans pulled on a full moon don't bile so well as when the moon is gibberish (he means gibbous); but if a feller mortal critter is slewed, it don't stan to reason that it makes any difference whether he was slewed at high water or low. Its murder any way. Them's my ideas of the law on that pint."

"Wal, I felt rather proud that my fust sarvice to my country as juryman was one of life and death; and when I thought of them cussed pie-rates, I felt as though of I had my way I'd hang every Jarman and nigger that I could get hold on. In this here patriotic and technically termed 'stripping the flats' case, I found a small chance of brother jury-men thar, and pretty soon the clerk begun to question fust one and then another, till at last they kim to me."

"Mr. Spike," said the clerk, "have you any conscionshous scruples agin hanging," said he.

"Wal," said I, "that depends on sarcumstances. Ef it war the fust person singular, agreein to nomitve me, muscular gender, empertive mood—that war to be hung—I hev. But ef it war ye, you, or them, future tense, and indycative mood, not a darn scruple," said I.

"Hev you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said he.

"Not particular agin the Jarman," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle—and shall go for hanging this ere old white-wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not," says I.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" the clerk eyed me.

"'F orter," says I, "for I've used enough of 'em. I begun to swear when I was only a-bout—"

"That'll do," says the clerk. "You kin go home," says he, "you won't be wanted in this ere case"—says the clerk, says he.

"'Whot," says I, "aint I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," says the clerk.

"'B, I can't hang the nigger unless I've sot on him," says I.

"Pass on," says the clerk, speaking cross.

"'But," says I, "you mister you don't meast as you say; I am a regular juryman, you know. Drawed out of the box by the selecmen," says I. "I've oiders had a bankerin to hang a nigger, and when a maccifidic penashon seems to have provided one for me you say I shan't sit on him? At this our free institutions? Is this the nineteenth sentry? And this our boasted—here somebody bollerred—'silence in the Court.'"

"The Court be d— I didn't finish this remark, fer a couple of Constables had bolt of me, and in the twinkin of a bed post I was taint for me to try, but when as an enlightend juryman I was tuck and carried down stairs by perlane hands, just for assertin' my right to sit on a nigger—wy it seems to me the pillows of society were shook; that in my sacred person the whole State itself was, aggeratively speaking, kicked down stairs! If thars law in the land, 'I'll have this case brought up under a writ of habeas Corpus or isay Dickiss."

THE GREAT RAINS OF 1858.—The amount of rain that fell over a large portion of the United States in six weeks, running from the 1st of May to the 12th of June, has scarcely a parallel. The Pittsburg Journal has given this subject considerable attention, and says that the average of observations will give about ten inches in May, and five inches to the 12th of June, or fifteen inches in forty-three days. These rains do not appear to have been local, but extend east and west at least one thousand miles, and north and south one-half that distance. No wonder the newspapers were full of accounts of rains, floods, and disasters. Fully one-third of the average of the rains of the year have been crowded into six weeks. The Mississippi and its tributaries might well appear to threaten a young Noahian deluge. No such rains have been experienced since the wet season in May, 1855, and then they were not condensed into so small a space of time. It is said that some rain gauges showed four and one-half inches of rain on the 11th and 12th of June alone. What the cause of these tremendous rains has been, we are not able to say. There is hardly a doubt that we will either have an equivalent amount of dry weather, or else some other district of the globe is parched up for want of water. The remarkable fact that the annual fall of rain is so nearly equally balanced, sets at defiance all our notions of wet and dry seasons, though portions of a year are extremely wet or dry.

CALHOUN INDIGNANT.—The last rumor is that the illustrious John Calhoun, of Kansas, is indignant at his removal from the office of Surveyor General, and is about to print certain mysterious documents received from distinguished gentlemen in favor of the doctrine of popular sovereignty. It is stated that he will also show that while he is supposed to have been the prime mover in the desertion of Governor Walker, he has simply been used to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Charles Stantz, a pauper in the Franklin county, Ohio, poor house, recently received intelligence that an uncle had left him \$100,000.